FIVE

Love-Letters

Written by a

CAVALIER,

In Answer to the

Five Love-Letters

Written to him

BY A

NUN.

LONDON,

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THE ANSWERS OF THE Chevalier *DEL.*

To the Letters of Gallantry, from a Nun in *Portugal.*

The First Letter.

I Confeſs, you expreſs the Paſſion you have for me in terms ſo ſweet and endearing, that I ſhould be the

moſt inſenſate thing in the World, not to be touched to the Quick; the Teſtimonies you gave me of your Love the firſt time I had the Honour to ſee you, were Marks too plain and certain for me, not to be fully convinced of it: It may be needleſs for me to repeat them by Reſentments ſo expreſſive of your Tenderneſs, that will but afflict a poor miſerable Lover, who thinks of nothing but you, who neither breaths nor ſees (one moment of his Life) but for you. You are the moſt ſweet delightful Idea of his Imagination, which continually flatters and pleaſes my Soul and Senſes. I ſleep neither Night nor Day; or if it happen, that Sleep cloſe my

Eyes

Eyes but for one moment, 'tis only to torment me the more, by repreſenting you to my Imagination in ſome pleaſant Dreams: Ah! I would to God that thoſe happy Amorous Dreams had either never come into my Fancy, or, that they would continue always with me when awake. But what (unfortunate that I am) do I ſay! Ah! I betray my Paſſion I reprove my ſelf, I am pleaſed with my Sufferings, I find it pleaſant to ſuffer for the moſt *Lovely Object*, the moſt charming Perſon in the World. Theſe are the true Sentiments of my Soul, and you have always appear'd ſuch to me from the firſt moment I had the happineſs to ſee you, and to con-

ceive a Paſſion ſo violent for you, that I have ever ſince happily languiſh'd in your Chains: Judge you then if your Love has wanted a Prophetick Fore-knowledge of me; no, no, you are not betray'd, your hopes are founded upon a Perſon, will not be wanting to you to the very laſt moment of his Life; I know your Paſſion is extream, and that my Abſence muſt be ſevere to you, but it cannot cauſe more Torment to you, than your Abſence cauſes Grief and Unhappineſs to me; and I hope my return will not give you more ſatisfaction, than your Preſence will give me Joy and Pleaſure. Take courage, *Madam*, and mitigate your

your Grief, and let it not be too ingenious in tormenting you for a Perſon who is wholly yours, and depends wholly upon you. I hope I ſhall ſee again the charming brightneſs of thoſe Eyes which makes up all my Pleaſures, and the whole Felicity of my Life; let thoſe bright Eyes be *reanimate*, and reſume their native Luſtre, and ceaſe to obſcure themſelves with Tears; be aſſured, they ſhall ſee that Perſon again you have ſo earneſtly wiſh't for. If my remoteneſs be grievous to you, yours muſt be much more to me, ſince it has made me dye a thouſand times a day for you, The preſent of ſo fair a Life as yours, is well worth the receiving

ceiving, and ſufficient to make me extream happy; but, I beſeech you ſpeak not of Sacrificing it to me, who have nothing in me to merit ſo noble a Sacrifice, unleſs it be the Quality of being a Lover perfectly and intirely yours; and by vertue of that ſweet Title, I preſume to accept it, and to make a perfect Sacrifice of mine to you. I know well enough you continually ſend your Sighs towards me, and I ſend mine to you every moment; yours make me ſenſible of your uneaſineſs, and mine declare my Love, which ſhall laſt eternally, and ſhould make you hope, that the day will come ſhall give an end to your Sorrow. Forbear then

(I beſeech you *Madam*) to torment your ſelf any longer, and be aſſured, that the moſt delicious Pleaſures of *France*, are no other than ſevere Puniſhments to me, when I conſider my unhappineſs, by being thus diſtant from you: I know you are fully perſwaded of my tenderneſs for you, by your acknowledgments, and your repeated remembrances of the very affectionate Paſſion I have had for you, and the Services I have done you; they are inconſiderable in regard of my Love, which is infinitely beyond any thing I could ever do for you, to expreſs it aright. The leaſt acknowledgment of it from you, is a thouſand times of more value, than all the

cares imaginable the moſt perfect Lover can undergo to ſerve you; and let not my paſt cares and ſorrows give you any further trouble, but rather let thoſe I am now going afreſh to give you Teſtimony of, have a Room in your thoughts; neither mind my laſt Letter, but rather think of this I have now ſent you; this you have reaſon to rejoyce as much for, as the former have occaſion'd your diſquiet and trouble. For my part, I do aſſure you, I never was more ſurpriz'd, than when I had news of you laſt, and that through the exceſs of my joy and Love I fell into a Swound which I continued in for above three hours, in the midſt of

of a great number of the moſt Beautiful Ladies of that Countrey; but all that is nothing to the Reſentments I have at this time for your Sufferings through my abſence; and I can aſſure you, that withal my heart I participate of all the Evils, all the different Indiſpoſitions and Paſſions you are ſubject to, which are as ſo many Darts that every moment do pierce and tear my heart, and the more ſweet and pleaſant the remembrance of your Love and perfections are to me, the more am I overwhelm'd with grief for the trouble you endure. But to what purpoſe do you complain any longer of the Evils you ſuffer in loving me? What

can

can I do more, than to adore you all my days, and Sacrifice my Life to you, as I continually do? These are the so delightful terms which you make use of to express your Love for me; and as for me, I am extreamly troubled that I cannot *in terms more affectionate*, express my tenderness for you. I am resolved wholly to follow your so affectionate Sentiments of Love, and to consecrate all my own to you alone, which no other Person living shall partake of; they are all for you, and have not the least regard for any other but your self; and I faithfully assure you, my Soul shall never vent one poor sigh but for you. It is not possible for me to

love

love a Perſon more perfect or more accompliſh't: The ſole merit of your Beauty and your Love ſhould give you all the aſſurance imaginable, that I never ſhall have Inclination for any other than your ſelf. Believe me (*Madam*) that when I quitted *Portugal*, it was for the grief I had, that I could not with freedom enough converſe with you in your unlucky Cloyſter. I made you believe, I ſhould ſtay ſome time with you; I know very well, 'twas too ſhort a time; but ſince you deſire it, I'le ſpend my whole Life there: I will find out the means to accompliſh your deſires, and to render you all the Reſpects and Adorations I owe you,

you as the faireſt and moſt perfect and abſolute Miſtreſs of my Soul: I will certainly make good this truth, and put an end to all the Griefs and Unhappineſs of us both. I was overjoyed he knew that the Letter I received from your Brother, has given ſome reſpite to your trouble; it has alſo given me a great deal of Comfort. I know your Paſſion was occaſioned by me, but you muſt acknowledge I had no leſs for you, and if I have made you unhappy, I have made my ſelf unhappy alſo, by quitting you; but it ſhall not be for any long time, neither my Remoteneſs from you, nor your Cloyſter, ſhall hinder me to love you, and to come

near

near you: That place holds a Treaſure which belongs to none but my ſelf; this you ſhall know at my Return, and in the mean time you may aſſure your ſelf of it by my Letters; our unhappy deſtiny ſeparates us but for a time, but Love has united our Hearts for ever. I will write often to you, to ſhew you my concern for the Conſervation of your Life, and that I ſuffer the ſame Torments with you, and all to give you aſſurance, that my Love is come to the higheſt pitch imaginable. Adieu! I can do no more: I keep your Letter with more care and dearneſs than my Life, I kiſs it a thouſand times a day, and I would to God you could as well

well embrace yours. I hope (one day) it will be, and that that Deſtiny will unite us, which has thus ſeparated us. Adieu! the Pen drops out of my hand; I wait for your Anſwer with Impatience; conſerve your Friendſhip for me, and believe I ſhall not return into *Portugal*, but for your deliverance from the Sufferings you lie under for my ſake, who am abſolutely yours, and a thouſand times more yours than my own.

The

The Second Letter.

YOu do me injury in accuſing me of having dealt unkindly by you, and of having quite forgotten you; I cannot believe you have really ſuch thoughts of me; or if it be ſo, 'tis becauſe you have not yet received my Letter, which when you have, I perſwade my ſelf you will be quite of another mind. I can do no leſs now than endeavour to undeceive you, by declaring always, and by all means the ſtrong Paſſion I have

have for you. I ſhould be the moſt perfidious Lover in the World, if (after ſo great and ſweet Teſtimonies I have given you of my Paſſion, and you have given me of yours) I ſhould not perſevere in my Love. Yes, *Madam*, do me right, and believe I am and ever ſhall be the ſame; this diſtance does but inflame me the more, and cauſes me ſo rigorous a torment, as makes me eaſily judge (by my own ſuffering) of the violence of yours; forbear then to afflict your ſelf any longer, and forget that diſpair you are in, unleſs you have a mind utterly to kill a poor miſerable Creature, who has no other thing in his Thoughts, but your ſelf

conti-

continually; whoſe griefs you infinitely augment, by the increaſe of your own, and the complaints you make of me. Ah! Why did I ever ſee you; or having ſeen you, why had you not leſs Love and leſs Beauty? But what ſhall I ſay, unhappy that I am? No, No, I would not for a thouſand ſuch Lives as mine is, have been deprived of the happineſs of ſeeing you, ſince that view has compleated my Felicity. I am raviſh'd with it; and though I ſuffer by being thus removed from you, yet it cauſes Torments ſo amiable and pleaſing to me, that I cannot without injuſtice complain of them, or if I do complain, 'tis becauſe I am ſenſible of your Sufferings

and

and of the Complaints you make againſt a Perſon, who dedicates to you every moment of his Life. Do not injure me with ſo ſhameful Reproaches, that I have abuſed you, 'tis unworthy an honeſt Man and a faithful Lover; you ought by the tenderneſs I have for you, to be perſwaded, that my procedure is grounded upon a greater faithfulneſs and generoſity. The exceſs of my Love ſhould ſet you above all theſe mean Suſpicions. As you are the moſt agreeable and the moſt perfect Lover in the World, ſo do you merit more Fidelity and Love than is to be found in all the Lovers of the whole world beſides. *But* to what end do you tell me

that

that I betray you? Is that the Juſtice you do my Love? And will you deſtroy my Life by means ſo rigorous and injurious? What have I done to you that you ſhould have ſuch Sentiments of me? Have I wanted Fidelity towards you? Have you found any indifference or coldneſs in me? Have I done you any unkindneſs? I would rather have choſe to die a poor Death, than in any manner to have diſobliged you in the leaſt degree. You tell me you have not heard from me theſe ſix Months; you ſhou'd rather accuſe the Infidelity of the Meſſenger, ſince I have written twice to you in that time, and not the eaſy blind fondneſs you believe

lieve you were guilty of in loving me. Our Pleaſures are not yet at an end, or if they be interrupted, 'tis but for a ſhort ſeaſon; you ſhall yet one day ſee me again in *Portugal* and you may reſt aſſured, that I will with all my Soul renounce and quit all my Kindred, Eſtate, and my Country, to devote my ſelf intirely to you. If your griefs are real and true, your Deſires and Longings ſhall not be fruitleſs and vain. I hope to have enjoyment of your ſweetneſs and happy Charms in your Chamber, ſooner than you can believe with all the Ardour and Paſſion you can deſire from my Love; and that our Pleaſures ſhall continue ſo without inter-

interruption, even to the end of our Lives. Chear then your ſelf (*Madam*) with this happy hope of enjoying more than ever the moſt guſtful and delicious effects of our Love. I remember you have told me, that I have made you unhappy, that is but for a ſhort ſeaſon: for after our being thus ſever'd for a while, our meeting will make us exceſſively joyous, and our enjoyments will be infinitely the more pleaſant and delightful: Let us not then ſeek after any other remedies for our Evils, than the hope of ſeeing one the other as ſoon as may be. If we ſuffer, let us ſuffer with mutual conſent and agreement: You tell me, I am more to blame than

than you, your Love is grown exceſſive but I am not; or if I be ſo, they are not my Miſtreſſes in *France* that make me unhappy, ſince you are the only Miſtreſs I intierly devote my ſelf to, and this truth which comes from my heart, I conjure you to be abſolutely convinced of; If you have any pity for me, you'l believe my unhappineſs proceeds from the Love I bear you, and not the indifference whereof you accuſe me; that were to do injuſtice to my Paſſion: *But* 'tis with good reaſon that you flatter your ſelf in the belief that my pleaſures and enjoyments cannot but be imperfect without you, ſince I have no other than this ſingle Conſolation

tion of having all my thoughts paſſions, and affections, wholly taken up with you continually, as yours are with me. I am extreamly joyed to know that you are become Porter of your Convent: 'Tis a moſt certain means of bringing our Intentions to good effect, but I enjoyn you to keep your Love more private and ſecret than you have done hitherto, to the end we may be able to continue it with more aſſurance and undiſturbed. Envy not the happineſs of *Emanuel* and *Franciſco*; they are but my Lacqueys, whom I ſhou'd have but little conſideration of, if they had not been recommended by you; but for your ſelf, you are the true and

only Miſtreſs of my heart and ſoul. I wou'd to God that you were with me as they are, how happy ſhou'd I then be, ſince my ambition, my whole deſire and longing of my Soul is no more than to ſerve you, and to live and die with you. I confeſs I make uſe of no other terms, than the ſame you do to give me Teſtimony and aſſurance of your Love; for where is it poſſible for me to find expreſſions more ſweet and more ſincere than thoſe which come from your heart? If I repeat them, I do it to aſſure you, that I do not deſire only to have you in my memory eternally, but alſo to have full poſſeſſion of you while my Life laſts, in the place where you

you wiſh and moſt deſire; I ſacrifice my ſelf to you with the ſame zeal you declare your ſelf towards me; I love you, I adore you with all my Soul. Do not fancy your ſelf ſeduced, becauſe of my long abſence, it ſhall ſoon be at an end, and you ſhall know the contrary of what you have hitherto believed of me. The Tranſports of my Paſſion are at leaſt equal with thoſe of yours; nor let it trouble you at all that you have divulged your Love contrary to the opinion the world hath of honour and your Religion. —— On the otherſide, as it is a great perfection to Love, ſo we have this advantage and conſolation, that we have brought our

Love to the higheſt pitch of perfection. I conjure you to believe my paſſion is equal with yours, and that I (by the ſame meaſures with you) place all my Religion and good Fortune in loving you to the utmoſt, maugre all hazards or ill opinions of the World. You afflict me when you tell me you would not have me write to you, unleſs I did it unconſtrain'd. Tell me (I beſeech you) is it poſſible for me ever to deny my ſelf ſo much, or put that reſtraint upon my ſelf, as not to write to you, and give you an account of my ſelf, and aſſure you that I adore you as the moſt perfect and accompliſht Perſon of all Humane Race? Why do you tell me you

you take pleaſure in excuſing and pardoning me? If I be not in condition to do ſomething for your ſervice. Do you think 'tis poſſible for me to forget you? I am never better pleas'd than when I think of you, and take Pen in hand to write to you, nor more diſſatisfyed than when I lay it aſide; I am infinitely obliged to that worthy Gentleman, who was ſo generous to entertain you ſo long upon my account; aſſure your ſelf, that whenever there is Peace in *France*, I will give you the ſatisfaction you deſire from me, and that you ſhall ſee that delightful Country, as ſoon as I can poſſibly bring you thither. Adieu! Comfort your ſelf,

preſerve my health in preſerving your own; as my Picture ſupplys with you the room of my Perſon, ſo does yours with me hold the place of the Perſon moſt dear to me, until our happy deſtiny ſhall bring us together. Adieu! I will never forſake you. Adieu! I make an end; believe me I ſuffer all the Evils you do, but I conjure you not to ſhare with me (in any degree) of mine, for fear you increaſe your own.

The Third Letter.

NOw it is that I am loſt in deſpair, finding my Letters have not been delivered you. My God, what ſhall I do? Or what will become of me? If my laſt Letter came not to you? How comes it that I receive yours, and that you receive not mine? I confeſs that you are happily removed from all (the miſchief) you have foreſeen; but, if one (at leaſt) of my Letters can have fallen into your hand, it will be ſome comfort to you

for my ſo much regretted abſence? Doubt not (I beſeech you *Madam*) but that I have anſwer'd with all fervent and paſſionate expreſſions of my Love, all your Letters I receiv'd; and believe me, I will not fail for the future to write by ſuch hands as ſhall not deceive me, and give you all aſſurance of my paſſion; no, no, I ſhall never forget you, I love you with too much ardour to be guilty of it; do not you put an end to your Love ſooner than I ſhall to mine; put an end rather to your languiſhing diſquiets, and aſſure your ſelf, that at my Return you ſhall enjoy all thoſe ſweet Delights you expect from my Converſation.

Vex

Vex your ſelf no longer, I am endeavouring to clear and diſembarraſs my ſelf of all my moſt preſſing affairs, that I may haſten to your ſuccour. Ha! Why do I complain to you, whom I know to be ſo uneaſie upon my account, and my ſelf am ſo extream unhappy, and that you have no knowledge of all thoſe Tortures and Griefs which ravage my Soul, and, as ſo many darts, mortally wound me. Bleſs me! What a rack and torture it is to me, to be unhappy to this degree, that my Letters never come at you. It makes me die with grief, 'tis unſufferable, I cannot bear it; my unhappineſs is come to the height, and I know now very

well, 'tis not without reaſon that you queſtion my Fidelity; lay what you pleaſe to my Charge, I am content, and you may treat me with all ſorts of rigour, ſince I have nothing to ſay, and cannot juſtify my ſelf; in the mean time God is my Witneſs, I have never betray'd you, and that I never enjoy'd more pleaſure and ſatisfaction than when I have been alone with you; reproach me not with ſaying all my cares to ſerve you proceeded from your Importunities.—— You owe them wholly to your own Merit, and to the true Love I have for you: I never loved or eſteemed you otherwiſe than as the moſt perfect and moſt accompliſh'd

Perſon

Perſon in the World, and when I enflamed and made a ſlave of your heart (as you tell me) I did no more than you have done by me; if you have made me happy in giving me infinite pleaſures, I ſtill hope I ſhall one day find the very ſame grace and favour from you, with the ſame height of ſatisfaction, and with Tranſports as ſweet and raviſhing as thoſe you formerly were pleaſed to *expreſs*. Have patience, and ſuffer not your ſelf to be agitated with ſo many various Paſſions and Diſturbances; if you love me to extremity with a moſt paſſionate Love, I love you beyond all expreſſion. 'Tis you only that wholly and ſolely poſſeſs my heart,

heart, and I dare not tell you, that I am continually agitated with the like Tranſports and Paſſions with you, for fear I ſhould drive you to utter deſpair. I know very well your Anxiety and Grief is exceſſive, by reaſon of my abſence; but ſhould not the hope I give you of my coming to you, very ſpeedily, diminiſh and mitigate your ſadneſs and anxieties? call to mind the Promiſe and Proteſtations of conſtant Love and Fidelity I have made you, and you cannot but live with more ſatisfaction and joy. I approve of, and love your Jealouſy, 'tis an infallible mark of your Tenderneſs and Love for me; though you may be jealous upon a wrong ground,

for

for I never was in Love with any but you: I dare not tell you, you have brought me into a Mortal deſpair, to find you reduced to ſo ſad an extremity, by vilifying the zeal I have for you; nevertheleſs I am ſure you will change your note, when you ſhall have underſtood my procedure. Put an end to your afflictions, and repent you not of having loved a man who is wholly your Acquiſition and Property. Your Reputation is not loſt by loving me; nor ſhall the ſeverity of your Parents, nor the rigour of the Laws of your Country, ever be able to hinder me from making you as happy for your whole Life, as your own heart can wiſh. I

know

know the means for me not to appear ungrateful to you hereafter for the Love you bear me: if you have hazarded all for my ſake, I will alſo abandon all for yours. Have patience then but for a little while, and pleaſe and ſupport your ſelf with the hope I give you, you ſhall find in the iſſue that the aim and end of my Promiſes will ſucceed to your Wiſhes. I believe (becauſe you tell me ſo) that the deſpair you are in for me is much greater in your heart than you can expreſs by your Letters; is this the reaſon that you will not conceal your Love from me, becauſe you believe I have not diſcharged my ſelf of my duty in writing to you? But I hope

hope this Letter will diſabuſe and free you of the ill opinion you have of me. The love and reſpect I have for you tells me continually, that I intirely belong to you, and that Heaven has made us one for the other. The Sentiments I have for you, are the moſt kindeſt and tender that any one can poſſibly have for the deareſt and moſt faithful conſtant Miſtreſs; preſerve your ſelf then for my ſake, that we may mutually enjoy the ſweeteſt and moſt pleaſant delights, when I ſhall become ſo happy as to poſſeſs you: Allay thoſe miſerable Tranſports wherewith you are agitated. Oh! Tell me no more of that Tragical end you expect by my means; that thought

thought deſtroys me out-right; it makes me die with horrour and amazement; I am not capable of having Sentiments ſo cruel; the Paſſion I have for you is ſo ſtrong, that I cannot but love you to all extremity till Death. Deſtroy not your ſelf then by afflicting your ſelf thus; but preſerve that happy and fair life which is ſo dear to me, and by that means you will alſo preſerve mine; afflict me no longer, and take compaſſion on me, in having pity for your ſelf. I am ſo ſenſibly touch'd for you, that If you ſhall die for my ſake, I wou'd not ſurvive you one moment. The violent Paſſion you expreſs for me, gives me averſion and diſguſt to all things,

things, embitters all my enjoyments, for fear any ill ſhou'd by that means happen to you. Fear not that I ſhall ever quit you for any other Miſtreſs; 'tis a ſort of ill Nature, indeed Cruelty, that I am not capable of. I can make no other uſe o your Paſſions than to animate me the more to love you, and not to triumph and glorifie my ſelf in the advantage you pretend I have over you, to the end I may render my ſelf more amiable to ſome other Miſtreſs. No, I love you not for oſtentation, or any ſuch unworthy purpoſe; I am not ſo proud, nor am I ſo ill natur'd, or ill bred, to become ſo baſe, none but Fools deal ſo; Your ſweet Diſpoſition,

your

your Virtue, and other Perfections, merit a treatment the moſt tender and reſpectful: You know I always endeavour'd all I could to hide our Love, leſt I ſhould offend or diſoblige you; I never have more ſatisfaction and joy than when I read your Letters, I find nothing ſo charming; you believe them long and tedious, but I find them ſo ſhort, that I conjure you to lengthen them a great deal for the future. Say not you are beſide your ſelf, you are too diſcreet in your Love, and too prudent in every thing elſe to give your ſelf that ill quality; and ſince I am thus infinitely happy in having your Letters come ſafe to me, I beſeech you continue

that

that happineſs to me in writing often, that I may have a fellow-feeling and ſhare with you in your griefs, and diſmiſs that deſpair you tell me I have cauſed in you, that you may live in tranquility for the future. Adieu! If your Love increaſes every moment, mine is come to the higheſt degree of paſſion and violence. Adieu! I ſhall die of grief, if you do not as ſoon as poſſible let me know thoſe many things you have to ſay to me; I pray God with all my Soul, this Letter may be ſafely deliver'd you, to teſtifie the ardour of my Paſſion for you. Adieu!

The Fourth Letter.

I Am extreamly ſatisfied to find my Lieutenant hath been to wait on you from me, and has given you an account of me; I am infinitely obliged to you for the care and tenderneſs you have for me, I conjure you to believe I have the ſame reciprocally for you. Do not apprehend that any ill befell me in my Voyage *by Sea*, it was very pleaſant to me, and I ſuffer'd very little by it; I had written to you as well as to my Lieutenant, but I was affraid

affraid that what I ſhou'd then write, as well as what I had formerly writ, might not come ſafe to you, and for that reaſon I deferr'd it. I hope you will certainly receive this I now ſend you, for the Gentleman that carries it is my very good Friend; if I have notice by the next of yours, that you have not heard from me, I will not ſtay one moment, but come away and comfort you. I never fail'd writing to you, and anſwering your Letters whenever I had opportunity ſo to do. I muſt own and look upon my ſelf as the moſt unhappy of all Lovers (though the moſt faithful) ſince you never receive my Letters; I know not what more to do than

than ſtill (as formerly) declare and give you all aſſurance poſſible of *my moſt fond and tender Love for you.* But to what end do you write ſo often to me, ſince my Anſwers never come at you? It is neceſſary, and I will continue writing to you, for I am never better ſatisfied, nor do I breath with ſo much eaſe at any time, as when I have a Pen in hand to write to you; but I become heartleſs and miſerable, and ſeem ready to die as ſoon as I lay it aſide. When you write to me I am even ready to die both for Grief and Joy, without being able to die out-right; I die for grief to find you ſo afflicted by your not receiving my Letters, I die for joy whenever

ever I receive yours: I preſerve your Letters with more care and tenderneſs, than I do my own Perſon, as the proper gages of your Love, which I ſhall give you a faithful account of when I ſhall be fully happy to ſee you. I acknowledge you have reaſon to treat me as ungrateful, ſince you receive no anſwer from me; but I perſwade my ſelf you will have other thoughts of me when I have undeceived you. I have always conſerved the ſame fondneſs I ever had for you, and have given you proof of in your Chamber. My Life, my Eſtate, my Honour, my All is yours, and depend of you; I ſacrifice all to you, I love you, believe me, I adore

adore you with all my Soul I conjure you not to queſtion it in the leaſt. Complain not for the future of my want of concern or any paſſionate affection for you; I have the ſame extreme fondneſs for you as formerly; how unhappy am I that I cannot tell you my thoughts face to face. What ſure Teſtimonies wou'd you then have of my Love? but then there would be no need of any; my languiſhing eyes, and countenance full of Love, would make you eaſily read the paſſion which has thus inflamed my heart. Spare all theſe diſquiets you give your ſelf upon my account, and know that my procedure is thevery ſame with that I made

appear

appear to you in the moſt happy days of our firſt converſation. You are not abuſed: My affectionate concern and paſſion for you have always been ſincere, and ſhall ever be ſo during my life. Do not ſuſpect my Fidelity, I love you moſt tenderly: I can make you no excuſe for the negligence you charge me with, I am no ways too blame in that matter: I love you with too much fervency to be guilty of it; and you have reaſon to juſtifie me upon that occaſion your ſelf. I acknowledge that my aſſiduous Attendances, my Tranſports, Complaiſance, my Oaths, my violent inclination to you, and my ſo agreeable and happy beginnings, may

have altogether charmed and inflamed you ; but notwithſtanding you are not ſeduced. 'Tis vain for you to ſhed ſo many Tears, ſince I perſevere and am ſtill the ſame, your moſt faithful and conſtant Lover. If you have taſted abundance of pleaſure in loving me, I hope you ſhall for the future enjoy as much, and much more. End then your Griefs, and allay thoſe paſſionate emotions which diſtract your Soul. Have ſome pity on me. I find my ſelf dying with deſpair when you aſſure me you ſuffer ſo much for me. You need not tell me you ſtood not out, nor reſiſted my love with any ſtubbornneſs ; I know very well you did not, you never

ver gave me the leaſt occaſion of Chagrin or Jealouſie to *inflame me* the more, or make my paſſion the more earneſt; that is an aſſured mark of the free and natural kindneſs and tenderneſs you have for me; and 'tis that does oblige me to love you, and to adore you eternally: I at once both admire and love that ingenuous freedom without artifice, and that moſt obliging conduct of your love towards me without diſguiſe. Ah! how happy am I? A Sweetneſs ſo great and delightful; an *Inclination* ſo tender, free, and natural; a *Love* ſo perfect, and a *Beauty* ſo accompliſht; how infinitely am I your Debtor for ſo many great and fair perfections

which concenter in you? Since you were pleaſed to ſacrifice them to me every day, with ſo much tenderneſs and ardour, I ſhould be the moſt ungrateful and perfidious of all *Lovers*, if I had not a due ſence, and ſhould not make due Acknowledgments of them; I am throughly ſenſible of them, and if you were perſwaded thereof during the time I had the honour of your Converſation, you will find your ſelf much more perſwaded thereof for the future. How ſweet are the marks of your Love and Favour to me? When you tell me I appear'd lovely to you, before ever I had told you I loved you, and that you were inclin'd and even

even rap't to love me, even to the utmoſt degree of Paſſion, how great the zeal, how great the Complaiſence, or rather what exceſs of Love was it in you? And how great was my happineſs and good fortune to know ſo excellent a Perſon was ſo paſſionately in Love with me. What returns of thanks do I not owe you, and what expreſſions can I poſſibly uſe to declare a Paſſion anſwerable to yours? you confound me——and my Love, though never ſo ingenious, cannot find terms expreſſive enough of the ardour of my zeal to anſwer thoſe, whereby you declare your affection for me. I ſhall only ſay this, that the Tranſports of my Paſſion are

inconceivable, and that I love you infinitely. Though theſe Expreſſions ſpeak a great deal, I know well they ſay but little to what you deſerve; nevertheleſs you may thereby be aſſured, that you have not been deceived, as you believe, ſince I love you with an equal and Reciprocal kindneſs, with all my Soul. Thoſe tender Paſſions of yours have always appear'd to me ſo ſweet and agreeable, that I have always been charmed with them. I believe I have made a worthy choice in *Portugal*, when I preferr'd you before any other Perſon, for the *Object of my Love*, and for all your other Perfections, having always reſolved after my return to live

and

and dye with you. Do not then accuſe me any more of Cruelty, and call me no longer a Tyrant; I exerciſe no Rigour towards you; all you can pretend, is but imaginary, cauſed by your not receiving my Letters; it is true, you made but little reſiſtance to my love, and by a particular and moſt endearing goodneſs you were eaſily willing to cloſe with, and faſten your ſelf to me: However, complain not that I have quitted you; I had preſſing Reaſons at that time to part with you, but as ſtrong as they were, I ſhould not have done it, unleſs you had conſented; neither the Veſſels then bound for *France*, nor my Family, nor my Honour,

no, nor the Service of my King's (whom I revere) ſhould ever have obliged me to abſent my ſelf from you, if your ſelf had not permitted me ſo to do. Did not you know that I am wholly yours? Why did you not them ſtay me? You had no more to do than to agree to the offer I made you of ſtaying, I ſhould have conſented to it with all the joy imaginable: But we have this to comfort us both, that the time of my return draws near, and that you ſhall ſee the fears and affrightments you are in, leſt I ſhould never come to you again, ſoon diſſipated. Never let ſuch Apprehenſions trouble you, and ſince you love with ſo much Paſſion, let it be with-

without Grief and Anxieties. Quit the Averſion and Diſguſt you have to every thing; torment your ſelf no longer, let your Kindred, Friends and Convent, ſerve to comfort you, and convert every thing, that (through your exceſs of Melancholy) you have made matter of Affliction to you, into matter of Recreation and Comfort, and not of Torment and Suffering; aſſure your ſelf, that if you employ all the moments of your life for me, I do the very ſame for you; as your heart is full of Love, let not the diſlike and averſion you have for every thing, cohabit there; live in all Tranquillity, and repoſe, and let not your Life be miſe-

rable and languiſhing any longer; keep your Paſſion cloſe and undiſcoverable till my return, that your Mother, your Relations, and your fellow-Nuns, may be diſabuſed. If all the World is concern'd for your Love, I conjure you to believe that I think my ſelf much more intereſted and concern'd than all the World beſides. My Letters are not ſo cool and indifferent as you take them to be; 'tis becauſe your mind is prepoſſeſs'd with exceſs of Love that you imagine ſo. If they are not ſo long as you wiſht to have them, 'twas becauſe I believ'd I had ſaid a great deal in a few words: I aſſure you, I never had more pleaſure,

than

than when I was writing to you: loving to perfection as you do, you ought not to afflict your ſelf. Divert your ſpirit then from all anxious imaginations, and give truce to your Griefs: Let that Balcone where *Dona Brites* and you uſed ſometimes to walk together, be a ſubject of Joy to you, ſince 'twas there the Paſſion which inflames you, had its birth, which I have always by all Teſtimonies poſſible anſwer'd, with all tenderneſs. You were in no miſtake when you believed I had from that very time a deſign to pleaſe and *ingratiate* my ſelf with you, it was indeed all my deſire, I took ſpecial notice of you above the reſt

of

of the Company, I conſidered you attentively and earneſtly, and was ſo forcibly taken with your beauty, and all other your perfections, that I ſuffered my ſelf to ſlide eaſily into a Reſolution of loving you: 'Twas then I underſtood by Geſtures, ſo amorous and moſt pleaſing to me, that you had an Inclination for me, and that you took a ſingular pleaſure in every thing I did, as if my love had ſuggeſted to you, and prompted you to believe that all my Actions had no other aim, than ſolely to pleaſe you. But all thoſe beginnings of our Love ſhould not tranſport us into Deſpair, and make me paſs for a Criminal with you, ſince all I did was for a good

good end, and that I love you as faithfully, as you love me. You may expect from me, all that is possible for me to do to satisfie you. I cannot be ungrateful, for all those endearing tenderneſſes your love expreſs'd towards me. My Body, my Soul, my Life, my Honour, and my Eſtate are all yours; my procedure is better than you believe. Be not apprehenſive, that I abandon you. 'Tis a ſort of baſeneſs and ingratitude ſo odious to me, that it never ſhall prevail over me. If you are perſwaded, that I have any Charms, or any agreeable good Qualities, I make a Sacrifice of them to you. I never will devote my ſelf to any other but you,

and

and ſince you find merit in me, I am ſatisfied, all the fair Ladies of the World are nothing with me, in compariſon with you; nor will I ever love any of them, but your faireſt beſt ſelf. And pro[illegible]ded, I be always in your Favour and good Opinion, I am then come to the height of my wiſhes, and compleatly happy. Do not then wiſh me ſo much favour and kindneſs from the faireſt Ladies of *France*. You ſhall find in the iſſue, that I am not ſubject to change, and that the moſt charming Objects, ſhall never be able to make me forget the Love I have for you. I do not make it my buſineſs, to find out ſpecious Pretexts to make you appear culpable,

culpable, and to make you unhappy. 'Tis not my deſign to ſtay long in *France*; I cannot enſlave my ſelf there to loſe you. Neither the Fatigue of a long Voyage, nor the greateſt dangers, the regard I have for my Relations, my Eſtate, my Honour, nor any Convenience or Advantage whatever, ſhall be able to divert me from coming to render you my Adorations. I anſwer with all my Heart and Soul all your Tranſports of Love; nor can your Paſſion be greater than mine is. I would to God I were eternally fix'd in one certain place near you, where I might always have the pleaſure of viewing and contemplating

of

of you, of ſerving you, of loving you, and of adoring you. I ſay not this to flatter you, I am ſo enchanted with your Charms and Favours, that I live but half a Life, with the Deſpair and Miſery I am in, that I cannot have the happineſs of ſeeing you again ſoon enough, as I wiſh. I am ſo far from being touched with the Rigor and ſeverity of any other Miſtreſs, that the kindeſt and moſt ſweet Treatments, the moſt charming Careſſes, the moſt advantagious Favours, the faireſt Promiſes, and all from the faireſt and moſt agreeable Lady in the World, ſhall not be able to draw me off (but for one moment) from loving you.

you. Stifle then that vain and fruitleſs fear, nevet have it in your thought, that I ſhall quit you for any other. What is there in or about you, that is not moſt amiable? And what can be more charming than your Beauty? More ſweet and pleaſant than your Diſcourſe and Entertainment? What more agreeable than your Converſation? More tender and affectionate than your Love? What more attractive than your Pleaſures? What more affecting than your ſight? More firm than your Promiſes? Or more fervent than your Zeal? After ſo many extraordinary Qualities and Perfections, can you harbour the leaſt thought of

my

my being able to quit you, to make my ſelf miſerable in the ſlavery of ſome other Miſtreſs? No, Madam, do not imagine I can be ſo inconſtant. I have too much Love and Eſteem for you, to uſe you at that rate. 'Tis true, I told you in confidence, that ſome time ſince I had once loved another Lady in *France*: But her Merit is nothing in value compar'd to yours, her Charms are but ſhadows to your Perfections. Her Diſcourſe flat and inſipid, her Converſation is nauſeous to me, and to tell you all in a word, I am ſo diſtaſted with her, that I never ſaw her ſince. To confirm this Truth to you, I will ſend you one of her Letters, with

with her Picture. You may by them judge of her Beauty, Wit and Conduct. I believe you will not be jealous when you ſhall know all I tell you; and when I have the happineſs to ſee you, I will entertain you with the Diſcourſes I have had from her. It will be a Subject of much diverſion to comfort you; and ſince you are intereſted ſo much in all that is dear to me, I'le bring you the Pictures of my Brother and Siſter in Law. You are pleaſed to ſay, that at ſome Seaſons, you think you could have humility enough to attend as Servant to the Woman I love. That thought is extremely obliging; but ſince you have ſo much kindneſs

for

for me, I conjure you to employ that good ſervice for your ſelf. For you are the only Perſon I ever will adore and ſerve as long as I live. Be not perſwaded that I uſe you ill, that I vilifie and deſpiſe you in any degree; far be it from me to have any ſuch thoughts. I am too well acquainted with your Merit, and have too much reſpect and zeal for you, to be guilty of any ſuch matter. You do me much wrong to be jealous of me, and to reproach me in this manner. I approve, with much ardour, the moſt ſweet Sentiments and happy affections of your Soul; and intirely conſecrate to you all the movements of my Heart.

I conjure you to write often to me. Your Letters are ſo dear to me, that I conſerve them as the moſt precious things in the World; you cannot make them large enough for me. Your Paſſion is ſo pleaſing and agreeable to me, that I never have more joy, than when I ſee it pourtray'd upon Paper. That gives you comfort and me alſo. And my unhappineſs is, that I am not with you to give ſome reſpite to your Troubles. I know, 'tis a year now ſince you laſt gave me the moſt ſweet and delightful Favours and kind effects of your Love. I ſhall with pleaſure remember that happy day while I live. How delightful were the

Tranſ-

Tranſports? How ſweet Emotions of paſſion? What Ardour, Fire and Spirit? With what endearing kindneſs did you expreſs your Love for me? What inconceivable Pleaſures did you make me partake of and enjoy? My Soul was like to flee away with the height of Joy and Pleaſures it received. Your other Favours, and the ſincerity wherewith you uſed to expreſs all, have ſo charm'd me, that I could not leave you without an unparrallel'd regret to undertake a Voyage, which has cauſed me infinite hazards and ſufferings. When I think of thoſe happy moments, wherein I enjoyed ſo many delights with you, I often call to mind

that

that amiable modeſty which appear'd ſo graceful in your charming Countenance. If any confuſion happen'd to appear there, it ſerv'd only to heighten my Paſſion, and inflame me the more. I wiſh to God, the Officer you ſpeak of had not left you ſo ſoon, I had had the ſatisfaction of being entertain'd longer with the ſweet Pleaſures of your Letters. Adieu! If you had much ado to put an end to your Letter, I had an extreme regret and difficulty to cloſe mine. Do not apprehend that I quit you; I have too much tenderneſs for you to do it. I give you thanks with all my Heart for the Love you have for me, I conjure you to

believe I have an equal Paſſion for you. Thoſe Names of tenderneſs which you would have given me, how agreeable would they have been, if you had expreſſed them in your Letter? But 'tis no great matter; it ſuffices that you have them in your heart, ſince you had not time to write them. I give your dear Perſon the like. I give my ſelf up wholly to you; my Soul, my Body, my Eſtate, my Honour, all depend on you, I make a Sacrifie to you of all that is dear to me: How I love you! How I eſteem! How I adore you! What Tranſports of love, what affectionate movements have I for you! O how dear you are to me! How

cruel

cruel Fortune is to remove me to this diſtance from you! What Compaſſion do you move me to! What unhappineſs do you occaſion me! Compaſſion for all the tender kind Sentiments you have for me, and unhappineſs becauſe I cannot make a Reciprocal return of the kindneſs you have for me, nearer to you, and by being preſent with you. What Reſpects, what Submiſſions, what affectionate tenderneſſes would I not ſhew you! How ſincere a Soul, how open and clear a Heart ſhould you find! O what joy! what pleaſures, what ſatisfaction, what conſolation ſhould we not mutually receive and enjoy? Adieu! Write more

largely to me for the future. I take infinite pleaſure in the ſweetneſs of your Letters, Adieu. Comfort your ſelf, I ſhall have the good Fortune to ſee you ſhortly, and give you all aſſurance of the Fidelity and Conſtancy of my Love. Adieu. Have ſome pity for me.

The

The Fifth Letter.

HOw rigorouſly and cruelly do you treat me? Ah me! Who has obliged you to forbear writing any more to me? What unkindneſs have I done you? What aſſurance have you that I love you no longer. My Paſſion for you is at this time greater and more Ardent than ever. I reverence you, I adore you with all my Soul, and am ready to abandon all that is dearest to me, to come and throw my ſelf at your feet. I con-

jure you to continue your Friendſhip for me, and to conſerve thoſe pledges of my Love I left with you. Do not give them away, nor ſhew them to any one. Have my Picture always before your Eyes, conſider it attentively, wear thoſe Bracelets for my ſake; ſend them not back to me, and employ not *Dona Brites*, who was our Confident, and privy to our greateſt, our ſweeteſt ſecrets, to give me ſo grievous a trouble. Let not your Deſpair tranſport you thus, to be ſo much my Enemy: Moderate your Hatred. I am innocent of any thing you charge me with. Burn not thoſe precious Pledges you have of mine: But if you

you will conſume them, let it be with the Fire of your Love. Do not perſecute me with ſo much hatred; 'tis a ſort of Cruelty and Impotence your great Soul was never guilty of. Love is a Virtue ſo dear to you, that you cannot be unconſtant; and you have too much Generoſity to treat me ill. Whence then comes this Rigor? Have not I ſubjected my ſelf to you, even to the laſt breath of my Life? What reaſon have you to become my Enemy? What have I done to you? What ſatisfaction can you deſire of one that never has offended you, and though I were never ſo innocent, I am willing to appear culpable, becauſe you

wiſh to have me ſo. But of what Crime do you accuſe me? Are you inflexible towards me? Who make it my glory, to ſacrifice my all entirely to you. But miſerable that I am! What do I ſay? What means ſhall I uſe to appeaſe you? You are ſo incenſed againſt me, that I know not what will come of it? What ſhall I do? Who ſhall I apply my ſelf to? Who ſhall make my Peace with you, now I am abſent from you? Who ſhall aſſure you of my Conſtancy, ſince you are perſwaded to the contrary? And to remove this Averſion from your Heart, I conjure you often to remember the delicious pleaſures we have injoyed

ed together, and the Pledges and Aſſurances I have given you, that I never will abandon you. Do you and *Dona Brites* frequently entertain one another with the remembrances of thoſe ſweetneſſes and delights. Comfort ye one the other. Conſider the exceſs of my Paſſion and your own. Bethink you of all thoſe Difficulties and Violences you ſpeak of. Oppoſe with all your might, thoſe inclinations you ſeem to have of forſaking me; and be convinced you will find inducements infinitely more agreeable and juſt, to continue your Love for me conſtantly for ever, than ever you will find to forſake me. Wherefore would you de-

ſtroy a Lover ſo conſtant and faithful, who has been but lately ſo dear to you, one you have loved with ſo much tenderneſs, a Lover, who has been the ſweeteſt, moſt delightful Object of your Paſſion, whom you have often given ſo earneſt and endearing Teſtimonies of it. A Lover you have embraced with ſo much Ardour and earneſtneſs of Affection, and one who by all ſorts of Careſſes has done you right, in returning your Love with the utmoſt height of Paſſion. Love has too well united our Hearts; and though you endeavour it, I do not believe you will be able to overcome ſo ſtrong and ſo agreeable a Paſſion. Your manner

ner of writing thus, is only to make tryal of me. Or if you are real in it, your Hatred and Rigor are ſo ill founded and groundleſs, that they cannot laſt long. Accuſe me not of indifference towards you, or ſhewing any ſort of Contempt of you, I dare invoke Heaven to witneſs the Eſteem and conſtant Paſſion I have always had for you. If I have by my Letters made Proteſtations of Friendſhip for you, I do ſo with veritable reſpects and ſubmiſſions, ſuitable to the reality of my Paſſion. You would believe ſo, if you had received all I writ to you, and would be fully perſwaded of the contrary, of what you have now written to me, I

believe your Relations and your Abbeſs (who are jealous of our Amour) hold Correſpondence, and have given you counterfeit Letters, in the room of the Anſwers I ſent to all the Letters I received from you, with ſo much joy and pleaſure, which makes me forbear writing any more to you, for fear of ſome ſuch Accident. I am providing to part hence in fifteen days, and to come and find you out in *Portugal*. After this Promiſe I have made you of ſeeing you again very ſpeedily, I conjure you to become your ſelf again, and let your love ſurmount your Hatred. If you are convinced of your doubts, you muſt needs be ſatisfied of the Eſteem, Reſpect

ſpect and Love I have for you. I never had ſo great inclination to any thing, as to love, to ſerve, and to adore you. If I could have been ſo ingrateful as to quit you after all your favours to me, I ſhould have given you ſome Proof of my inclination to it before I left you, either by dropping ſome odd words by ſome indifference or coldneſs towards you, to make you underſtand it, or I ſhould have dealt with *Dona Brites*, or ſome other Confident to have obliged you not to write to me. Or I ſhould have endeavoured to undeceive you by not ſending any Anſwers to your Letters. Or by ſome ſpecious Pretexts, I would have pretended, I was obliged to con-

continue in *France*, ſo as never to be able to come and ſee you again. Have I ever uſed any ſuch fineſſes as theſe? Have I ever deceived you by my diſcourſes? Have you ever found any coldneſs or indifference in me? Have I ever dealt with any body to endeavour to divert your Paſſion from me? Have not you frequently written to me, and have I not as often anſwered you? Have I ſought out occaſion to ſtay in *France* without you? Have I ſaid, I never would return into *Portugal*? Have I ever given you any ground of diſpleaſure toward me? Have I not with all ſincerity diſcovered to you the real ſentiments of my Soul? Have I ever fail'd to

pay

pay you all ſorts of Civility and Reſpect, or been any way wanting in my Love? Why then do you make theſe Complaints? What do you accuſe me of? And what have I done to you, that you ſhould be thus cruel to me? Diſabuſe your ſelf (Madam) at length, and do not believe I can ever be ſo unworthy as to quit you. Do not render me ſo ill a man, guilty of ſuch ill Qualities as you ſpeak of, and do me right to believe me worthy of all the kind Paſſions and ſweet Habits of love your Soul is poſſeſs'd with for me. Never believe that I can give you any occaſion to forget me. The favour you deſire of me ſerves at the ſame time, both to af-

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flict and inflame my Paſſion the more. 'Tis true, I was extreamly troubled when I read your Letter. But the Cauſe was your Reproaches, your Menaces, your ſcorn of me, and your very unkind Treatment of me every way; together with the Deſpair you thereby threw me into. Bateing theſe Regrets: Ah! How much joy; what contentment, what raviſhing ſatisfaction ſhould I not have in hearing from you. Well! Notwithſtanding all this Rigour you treat me with, I will ſtill comfort my ſelf with the Hope of pacifying your Choler. I will patiently bear your Contempt and Anger, till your Reaſon ſhall one day bring a calm into your

your Soul, and make you acknowledge (when I ſhall be with you) that you have wrong'd an innocent. Why do you write to me that I ſhould not concern my ſelf with you, or your Affairs? Who has more right, or is more intereſted to take care of you than my ſelf? Do you Queſtion my Diſcretion? Do not you know how far I have been intereſted in all your Concernments? How I have partaken in all your Afflictions? I know very well that you are exceeding wiſe, that you manage your Affairs with all prudence, and that all your Actions are without blemiſh or reproach. If I have inform'd my ſelf of your Actions, 'twas only that I might

might have occaſion to admire the wiſdom of your Counſels, the Prudence of your Conduct, and your happy Addreſs in all you undertake, which you ſucceed in with a Facility ſo marvelous, that 'tis equally ſurprizing and wonderful. Yet when I conſider how you are choak'd, I could find in my heart, to diſengage my ſelf. But what can I do more, to render my ſelf better in *your Opinion*? To make you more favourable to my Paſſion, and continue your tenderneſs for me. Command me, and I am ready to ſatisfie you, in order rather to the removing the evils you endure, than to terminate my own. I am pleaſed to ſuffer all that comes from you: Your moſt

moſt ſevere Rigors are no other than Charms to me. I am extreamly obliged to you, for all the ill Treatments I have received from you; they are rather Fuel to my Flame, and render it more ſprightful and lively. I am content to ſuffer in this manner, provided, it bring you any comfort in your Grief, and make you more contented. I would to God you could live ſatisfied and happy in the certainty of my Love. Having expreſs'd ſo great an averſion to me, you afterwards profeſs you do not hate me, which is very obliging: But I muſt take the Liberty to tell you, you will do my Love greater Juſtice in continuing your Paſſion for

me, as formerly having never done any thing in my Life that could forfeit it. I will not ſay, but you may find a Lover of greater merit than my ſelf, but I am certain, you never will find one ſo faithful and conſtant as I am. Your Paſſion predominates altogether over me; it has inflamed, has taken full poſſeſſion of me, as of you; holds me altogether a ſlave, not allowing me one moments Liberty. You are witneſs of all this your ſelf, becauſe you confeſs, one cannot forget that which cauſes all the violent Tranſports one is capable of, that all the Affections and Movements of the Heart, tend to the cloſing with, and enjoying the Object beloved, that

that the firſt Ideas and Impreſſions cannot be effaced, that the firſt *wounds* are *incurable*, that all ſorts of Paſſions, all the moſt luſcious and delightful Pleaſures a man can without any check or obſtruction find out, are vain and inſufficient, to withdraw a man from that he loves moſt, and ſerve to make one acknowledge, that nothing is dearer or more ſweet, than the remembrance of the Sufferings undergone upon the *Account* of ones *Love*. That ſuch Expreſſions are ſweet in the Mouth of a faithful Miſtreſs; that they are rather powerful and delightful Charms to a poor Lover when he is in deſpair? Ah! How they comfort me, how they

they give me aſſurance, that I ſtill am lodged within your Heart, ſince I find your Sentiments for me are ſtill ſo full of tenderneſs and ſweetneſs. But why ſhould not I hope yet to be more in your Favour, ſince you muſt know that my *Affection* is moſt ſincere and perfect, that my Love is reciprocal, that your Inclination has not been miſ-led or ſeduced, and that you have ſetled your *Affection* upon one who makes it his Glory to love you all the days of his life.

I know very well (Madam) you have ſo much *ſweetneſs* and Compaſſion, that you would not bring either my ſelf, or any body elſe into the deplorable condition you ſay you are reduced

duced to. That unwillingneſs in you is a certain ſign of your good Nature. I conjure you, to believe that it is as well my Inclination alſo; and that if you ſuffer, I have not in any manner contributed to it.

Take no pains in endeavouring to find out Excuſes for me, upon that ſcore you do. I am not guilty at all of what you accuſe me. I am of the belief, that a Nun ſo perfect as you are, muſt be infinitely lovely: The Reaſons you give to make out, that Beauties under ſuch confinement, merit more of our eſteem & love, than thoſe abroad in the World are moſt powerful and convincing. But without further Regard to the fair demonſtrations you lay

lay before us. I tell you in few words, that in loving you, I had no other conſideration than for your own proper Merit. The manner of proceeding Ladies abroad in the World uſe, I do by no means like. They are for the moſt part fickle, and given to change; they cannot confine their Affection to one place, and when they love, 'tis not without Diſſimulation, or 'tis for Complaiſance or for Intereſt. The Rigor they uſe, the Scorn, the Difficulty, the ſeveral ſorts of Tricks, the Diſſimulations give their Lovers a hundred times more Trouble and Anxieties, than Pleaſure or Joy. I know you alledge not theſe Reaſons to make your ſelf beloved. You

have Qualities far more valuable to attract even the moſt ſtubborn Hearts, and your Charms are ſo powerful as none can reſiſt. Your Beauty, Conſtancy, Fidelity and Sweetneſs of Diſpoſition, make all that have the honour to know you, to admire, ſerve and adore you. All other Beauties are nothing in compariſon to you; and I dare affirm it to be a high Crime to impriſon within a narrow Convent, a Perſon of your excellent Accompliſhments. If you are unhappy, it is by reaſon of your Captivity there, which you may free your ſelf of whenever you pleaſe. Your apprehenſion was groundleſs, becauſe I could not ſee you every

ry day, that I proved unfaithful to you. Do not you know it was neither in my *power*, nor in yours, that we ſhould ſee one the other often, by reaſon of your being kept cloſe up, and of the danger I incurr'd if I came within your Monaſtery. If I left you to go to the Army; I had firſt your own conſent to it. And nothing but your worth only could ever have kept me from it. If you had commanded me to ſtay, I had with all my Heart quitted the ſervice of my Prince, and had wholly engaged my ſelf in yours only, without fearing either the diſpleaſure of your Relations, or the rigor of the Laws of your Country. I never fail'd to give you proof

ſuffici-

ſufficient of my Paſſion, while I was in *Portugal*: if my Letters came not ſafe to you, I was not to blame, and could not help it. I ſhould have been extreamly troubled, if you had left the Convent to have come and found me out in *France*; not but that I ſhould have been overjoyed to have embraced you in that fair Country; But for the Peril you had by ſuch an enterprize expoſed your ſelf to, and the Fatigue you had undergone by ſuch a Journey. If you are of the mind to hold that deſign ſtill, I can tell the means to make it ſucceed to your wiſh, when I ſhall be happy to ſee and ſpeak with you. I venture to write thus freely to you, ſince your Ab-

beſs and Relations are acquainted with our intrigue. In the mean time, the moderateneſs of your Love, your coldneſs, contempt, and your ſo ſudden change give me ſo great trouble, that I am in the depth of Deſpair: Well! 'Tis no great matter, I give my ſelf comfort ſtill, and am perſwaded, your native Sweetneſs and Love will predominate, and am aſſured, and that as ſoon as ever you receive this Letter, or ſee me but one moment, you will change your Reſolution. I do not forget (Madam) that I have the greateſt Obligations to you of any Perſon living, you have loved me to extremity of Paſſion, to death; you have for my ſake ſacrificed your Honour,

and

and your Life to the hatred and ſcorn of your Parents, and to the ſeverity of your Religion, and the rigor of the Laws of your Countrey, what acknowledgments do not I owe for a Paſſion ſo great and exceſſive? Do you believe it is poſſible for me to forget you, or to quit you after ſo great *Proofs* of your *Love*? Madam, you would have had *reaſon* to *complain* of me, If I had proved ſo ungrateful, as not to have anſwer'd your Letters, and not have given you reciprocal *Teſtimony* of my Love, and that with the ſame Ardour you expreſs'd towards me: That had been unbecoming a man of Honour. I had been a Traytor, a Villain, and the moſt ungrateful Lover in the World; on the

other ſide, God is my Witneſs, I always *perſevered* to *adore* you, and to love you much better than I *love my ſelf*. I never *wanted* either Reſpect or Love for you when I writ to you, I always did it with all the Ardor and Civiliy poſſible: I have given *you* proofs of a Paſſion, the moſt perfect and exceſſive that *any man* could have for the *moſt lovely* and *accompliſh'd* Perſon in the World. In this ſtate, and with thoſe Sentiments I always perſevere: What can I do more? What can you deſire more of me? I have made an intire Sacrifice to you of all that I am, and of all that belongs to me. I am ready to *abandon all* for *you*, to undertake a tedious *Voyage*, to paſs the Seas, and to expoſe

my Life to the mercy of the Waves to come and find you out, even at your Monaſtery. There's nothing more remains after ſo great Teſtimonies of *my Paſſion* (If I ſhall be ſo happy as to ſurvive all theſe Hazards) but to come and make a new Sacrifice of my ſelf to your Choler, that I will do when I have the happineſs of ſeeing you, I will throw *my ſelf* at *you Feet* (how *guiltleſs* and *innocent ſoever* I *am* of all *you* accuſed me) as a Victime to the heat of *your* Courroux and *Fury*, without the *leaſt reſiſtance* to *your Will* and *Pleaſure*. All theſe *Proofs* of *my Paſſion* for you are (methinks) far from being the Effects of that natural Averſion you believe I have for you; ſo far that I love

you infinitely, you are infinitely dear to me, and I am wholly yours, and at your Devotion. I know well enough, I have no *Qualifications* fit to recommend me to, or in any degree to merit your Love, but that of a faithful Lover, though in that point you seem to do me the *injury* to *diſtruſt* me. You *demand* of me what I have ever done to *oblige* or *pleaſe* you, what *Sacrifice* I have made you, and if I had not always a *greater regard* to my own pleaſure and ſatisfaction than to yours. And now in anſwer, give me leave to demand of you, if I have not obey'd you in all things you had a mind to, or would have me? If I have not ſacrificed my all to you, all that I am, and all that

I have? Or if I have ſought after any other pleaſures, than thoſe you were *pleaſed* to *allow*. If I gamed, or went a hunting, did not you approve of theſe Recreations? when I went to the Army, did not you conſent and give me free leave? If I was one of the *laſt* in *leaving* it, I was detain'd by force. If I expoſed my ſelf to the danger of Shot, I did it with all the *Prudence* and Caution I could poſſible; but always with a due *regard* to my Honour, that I might become the more worthy of you, and your Favour. And if upon my return into *Portugal*, I did not *ſettle my ſelf there*, 'twas *becauſe* I found not an *occaſion* favourable enough for our Love. 'Tis true, a Letter from my Brother

made me leave that Countrey, but 'twas upon an occaſion ſo urgent, as would not admit of any delay. Your ſelf agreed to it alſo; and if you had commanded me to have put off my *Voyage*, and to have ſtaid with you, I would have obey'd you. I thought I ſhould *have dyed by the way* for grief and longing for *you*: And if I ſtrove with my Melancholy, and cheriſh'd my ſelf a little, it was only with deſign to preſerve my ſelf for *you*. After all this, what ſhould I have done? What Reaſon have *you* to hate me mortally, as you do, except what proceeds from your own vain imagination: What misfortunes have you drawn upon your ſelf, but ſuch as your own wilfulneſs has occaſioned?

acſioned? If you beſtowed your Love upon me with great Paſſion and Faithfulneſs, I never did abuſe it, but on the contrary, took *all Care* to *make* a *right uſe* of it, and to render *you* the like with all Fidelity. You ſay you never uſed Artifice towards me. Have not I been as ſincere towards *you*? You ſay, there muſt be means uſed with skill and grod addreſs to create Affection. Did I ever oppoſe your Paſſion? And why are you not of Opinion, that your Love created Love in me, ſince the true ſympathetick ſecret is, to love, is to make one be beloved?

You tell me, that I would have you Love me; I confeſs it, but before ever I had any ſuch deſign, you loved me; for you

have owned to me, that you were in Love with me, before ever I gave you reaſon to believe I loved you. If without your conſent I gave my ſelf up to *your* Love; had I not abundant reaſon, ſince I could find nothing in *you* but what was amiable. 'Tis true, I believed you of a Complexion amorous enough, however I loved you nothing the leſs for that, it rather raiſed my Paſſion to the higheſt degree: Therefore I could never be perfidious towards you. I never deceived you. I do not fear your menaces, and am perſwaded, that when you ſhall have conſider'd my Reaſons, you will be more juſt, than to deliver up your Lover (who is innocent) to the

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Vengeance of your Relations. If you think you have lived in a ſtate of Deſertion, and Idolatry in loving me, can you think I have not *done* the *ſame* in *loving you*? The *difference* between us is but in *three points*; to wit, That you *are changed*, and I *am conſtant*, that you repent you ever loved me, which I do not for my loving you; That you are aſhamed of your Paſſion, which you would have paſs for a Crime: and I cannot be aſhamed of mine, for I am certain, 'tis an excellent Virtue to be in love. The violence of your Paſſion has not hindred you to diſcover the Enormities of it, for there are none. Wherefore then is your *heart* thus *torn* and *divided*? What *Oppreſſion* is it that thus

thus torments *you?* I am no *way* the Occaſion of all theſe *troubles* to you. I always loved you and ſerved you faithfully. Nor have you Reaſon to wiſh me harm, *but* to *reſolve* to *let me live happy;* which with much eaſe I may if you pleaſe to allow it; for I never wanted generoſity towards you. I hope you will make no difficulty of writing another Letter to me, to let me know you are in a more ſetled quiet *ſtate of mind*; but I *ſhall be* arrived in *Portugal* before that, where my preſence will bring you the Tranquility you wiſh for, and will undeceeive you, as to the unjuſt procedings you believe me guilty of, and for which you reproach me. Then inſtead of Scorn you will give me

me Praiſes, inſtead of accuſing me of Falſhood, you will own my Fidelity, and inſtead of forgetting your Pleaſures, you will have them in *your thoughts* and deſignments continually. And I know I ſhall be more in your *mind* and *favour*, than ever I *yet* have been. If you believe I have any advantage over you by knowing how to make you love me, believe it, I am not at all vain, I *know* I *owe* that *good Fortune*, neither to your *Youth* nor your Credulity, nor to the Commendations you pleaſe to give me, no, nor to any of thoſe Reaſons you alledge; but to your ſole Bounty. Though all People ſpoke well to *you* of me, and your ſelf commend me, *yet* I never had the *Temerity* or Arrogance

rogance to attribute it to my own merit. All I have done has not been (as by way of Filtre) to deceive you, but really to give you my faithful honeſt Love; for I have always had a generous Paſſion for you. I conjure you to preſerve all my Letters, and to read them often for the eſtabliſhing your Love; but not to withdraw it. 'Tis a happineſs to me, and pleaſure incomparable to be beloved by a Perſon ſo perfect and accompliſh'd as you are. I beſeech you to believe that I will love and adore you in this manner for my whole Life. Forget the reproaches you are forward to revile me with. You will find the contrary when you

you ſee me in *Portugal*, and will then chooſe rather to remember than forget me. And reſolve to perſevere always in your Love, for I ſhall diſabuſe you of that falſe belief you have concerning me. Adieu! I conjure you once more, never to quit me, but inceſſantly to think of the Ardent Paſſion I have for you. And write no more to me; poſſibly your Letters, while I am in my Voyage, may not come ſafe home. Adieu! I will give you an exact account of all my Movements, you ſhall give me the ſame of yours, when I ſhall have the happineſs to ſee you. Adieu.

FINIS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM